

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XV.

AUGUST, 1927

No. 8

After Retreat

Gladness and peace!

When the golden days are o'er,
And the barque glides over the wave's dark crest
Hard by the shore.

Gladness and peace!

Though the soul stands self-accused,
In the pure white light from the Throne of God,
Of Grace unused.

Gladness and peace!

With the days of sorrow past—
And the Bridegroom come with a chain of love
To bind us fast.

Gladness and peace!

For oh how good is He!
This Lord who healed the sick and the blind
At Galilee!

Gladness and peace!

When He sits upon His throne,
Where the candles gleam round the snow-white Host,
To bless His own.

Gladness and peace!

As the incense cloud rolls high—
And the evening falls as the heart finds rest—
Lo! Heaven is nigh.

Brother Reginald.

Father Tim Casey

ON VACATION

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

It was a sultry Saturday night with an electric storm brewing. Father Casey had come to the lakeside resort to celebrate holy Mass on the morrow. Sitting at the dining table, he marked the tenseness on the sunbrowned faces of the guests. A few set themselves grimly to the task of being happy, as befits the strenuous worker on vacation, but the majority grumbled and growled or gave laconic answers to languid questions or responded with forced laughs to forced witticisms. Evidently the weather and the effort to have a good time, and nothing but a good time, was telling on their tempers.

After dinner Father Casey sat for a spell with the Owens family on the veranda.

"The car behaved shabbily today and quite spoiled our trip," remarked Mother Owens. "You must have it looked over tomorrow, dear."

"'Morrow's Sunday," grunted Dad.

"What a bother! I must sit twirling my thumbs for two days. I shan't venture out in the car again while it is in this condition."

Silence fell over the party. Father Casey racked his brains for an idea. The best he could muster was the lame question:

"Did you take a long drive, Mrs. Owens?"

"Interminable, it seemed, the way the car was acting. I took Mrs. Shipwaithe—such a pest—and drove to Indian Mounds. A pokey old place. Nothing worth seeing, though the guide books make so much of it."

Silence again. Miss Elvira Owens yawned. Last evening's dance had been a bore, and she must face a repetition of the agony tonight. She was on vacation, and vacation means having a good time at any cost.

"I wonder whoever originated the fallacy that there is a fish in this lake," growled Dad, chewing viciously on the end of a tasteless cigar. "I searched for him in every bay and inlet. I'll wager he died of loneliness years ago—if he ever existed."

"Don't look," whispered Mrs. Owens. "There go those impossible

Shipwaithes. Father Casey, you have done us an unforgettable favor; they were making directly for us until they spied your Roman collar."

"You are not over enthusiastic about your acquaintances here," ventured the priest.

"Neither would you be, Father, if you had to listen, day after day and week after week, to their vapid inanities," returned Elvira.

"Since such is your appraisal of your fellow resorters, why on earth do you waste your time and sour your disposition associating with them? Charming intellectual friends are waiting to entertain you."

"Father," cried Elvira, "if I were to meet such a friend, the shock of joy would be too great. I should have a heart attack."

"You can meet, not only one, but a dozen such if you choose."

"How? When? Where?"

"Here. Now."

"Father, you may offer a hundred thousand dollars for a person of that description in this resort, and your money will be as safe as if it were invested in registered government bonds."

"If they are not here, it is your fault and your father's fault and your mother's fault. They would have been with you for the asking."

"Father Casey, are you laboring under an illusion of mistaken identities? Dad is not Calvin Coolidge or Henry Ford. Neither his fame nor his fortune will bring the great ones of the earth crowding about him at his beck."

"Fortune and fame are not required. A lesser sum than he will pay the mechanic next Monday would bring here, for the entertainment of himself and his family, Shakespeare and Milton and Dante. Are they not among the great ones of the earth?"

"Oh, you mean books!" she exclaimed in disgust.

"I did bring a half dozen novels, but they bore me almost as much as the conversation of these resorters," said Mother Owens.

"I do not mean novels," Father Casey hastened to explain; "surely not the trashy modern novel, with its irreligion, its false philosophy, its brazen indecency, its distorted view of life. When the skies are weeping or you are pouting, you may sit the day out with a novel of that kind and, when the book is finished, find that you have gained no refreshment for body, mind, or spirit. No, not the trashy modern novel—absolutely not."

"You would have us spend our vacation reading classical novels: Dickens, Thackeray, Scott?" queried Elvira.

"I would have nothing of the kind. 'Twould be a crime to waste six whole weeks on imaginary tales, regardless of what genius wrote them."

"That is what I tell her myself," interrupted Dad. "Why should she worry herself whether Tom and Bess marry or quarrel, whether they survive or perish, seeing Tom and Bess never existed, except in the phantasy of some incurable story writer. 'Tis foolish."

"Don't forget, Dad," the young lady countered, "the night you picked up 'Lola's Lovers' to see what stupid stuff I was reading, and you got so wrapped up in it, you wouldn't come to supper."

Dad broke into a forced, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" just in time to forestall corroboration from his better half.

"And you would exclude all novels from our summer reading. Why, Father," cried Elvira, "even Dad could not bear the privation."

"On the contrary, I should recommend the reading of novels—a little reading of good novels; say, an hour or so, from time to time, as a beneficial diversion from things more important."

"And the rest of the time reading dry old stuff. We are not at school; we are on vacation."

"You are always at school. The university of life knows no vacation. Choice of subjects is free, but attendance is obligatory. Elect subjects that are wholesome, inspiring, ennobling, and you will go home from your summer rest better men and women, equipped to face life's problems bravely and to do worth-while things for yourself and your fellowmen. Elect, on the contrary, empty, idle, enervating subjects, and the end of vacation will find your thoughts muddled, your will flabby, your imagination run to seed, your ideals lowered, your sense of fitness distorted."

"True for you," said Dad.

"How well expressed," said Mother.

"And all we have to do is keep our nose in the Lives of the Saints and doggedly stop our ears to the whirring of motors, the rhythm of dance music, the splashing of canoe paddles, and the call of the wild. What price glory?" cried Elvira.

"Vera, Vera, don't be impudent to the priest."

"My child," said Father Casey, "you can make the best things look ridiculous by exaggeration. But you know there is such a thing as the reasonable middle course between two extremes. That is all I advocate in the way of reading."

"I have been using my mind all year. I want to rest it during vacation."

"Amen, say we all to that. Rest it. But you will never rest it by trying to make it do nothing. Every waking moment, it simply must be active. The only way to rest your mind from the grind of your ordinary work is to set it going at work of a different character. If you spend all your leisure time flitting from one amusement to another in a frantic effort to be happy, you will confuse your mind, distract your mind, but you will not rest it or make it more fit to perform its regular duties. During vacation—and, for that matter, during your free time evenings and Sundays—take a reasonable amount of recreation. As a general rule, the cheapest, best, and most practical form of recreation is a pleasant walk in the open. (Now laugh.) Then devote a good part of your time to serious reading. Take up a special line. Read all the good books you can find pertaining to that particular matter. You will be surprised to find how deeply interested you will become, to say nothing of the satisfaction it will afford you to be able to converse intelligently on something besides 'latest models' in cars or gowns or dances or scandals."

"What line would you suggest?" asked Dad.

"Mr. Owens, there is no limit to the number of interesting subjects you could take up. Just to mention one: you might take up the early days of the Church in America."

"Ugh, history! I always detested history!" groaned Elvira.

"You have never read history. You do not even know what it is. You imagine history is nothing but the textbook you studied under protest at the Academy. Read the history of the early Church in America in its natural form, that is in the lives, the biographies, of the early bishops and priests and nuns and outstanding Catholic laymen. Thank God, we have a number of excellent biographies of that nature. You will find there the bizarre notions they had of America before they came, the providential circumstances which made it possible for them to come, the difficulties they met with after they came, their joys and their sorrows, their grand plans and their sad failures, their letters home, their little peculiarities, their wonderful faith and trust in God, their jealousies and their quarrels, their human hearts so like your own. Why, in this reading you will find the deepest tragedy and the richest humor. You will note hundreds of names and places with which you

are familiar. It will be like a visit with old friends. You will read of the little colony of Catholic frontiersmen further up the river who made the beginnings of St. Mary's Parish and of the traveling missionary who rode the trail once in six months to say Mass for them, and afterwards, himself, became a great Archbishop. You will learn where the first Holy Mass was said in this state and when it got its first bishop. You will take a personal interest in the struggles and disappointments of the three brave women who began the now flourishing Order that conducts our parochial school. You will derive the greatest pleasure from reading these books. They will leave a good taste in your mouth. Your own work will grow easier for you. With the thought of these men and women before you, you will be ashamed to grumble or shirk or dawdle. You will perforce grab the hoe and chop away at the ugly weeds of selfishness that grow so rank in the heart of the pleasure seeker. Your very faults will lose their power to throw you into gloom and despondency. You will see that even these pioneers of the faith were subject to the same mean inclinations as yourself, but with God's grace and a good will, they managed to get the upper hand. 'What they could do, why cannot I?' you will say. Life will take on new meaning and beauty, and you will begin to be a comfort and a help to those around you. You are, all three, graduates of Catholic colleges. What a shame if you neglect good reading—put to no use the cultural training you have received."

"Wonderful!" the three cried in chorus.

Dad rose and filled his capacious lungs with the cool air blowing in from the lake.

"I think I'll take a few throws from the pier. They say the fish bite well at night."

"Excuse me, Father," murmured Elvira, "I must go and dress for the dance."

A motor stopped on the drive, and a woman's voice called out:

"Please, Mrs. Owens, won't you come for a little spin?"

"Delighted, Mrs. Shipwaithe," was the ready reply.

And the good priest, left alone, repaired to his room to continue the charming biography of a bishop of the early American Church.

Duty is a thing that can never be neglected. Certainly, one may have recreations but only on condition that it fits one to do better.

The Student Abroad

GENESARETH TO NAZARETH

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Late twilight. Low rustling of thickly clustered trees. Restless murmuring of light waves against piled up, jagged rocks. Overhead, constantly increasing swarms of stars in a gradually darkening, cloudless sky. On the eastern horizon, the ever-widening, vivid ivory glow of the rising moon. Silence emphasized by the lonesome howl of wild animal in the crevasses of the neighboring mountains or of a Bedouin watchdog baying his evening salutation to the approaching Queen of the Night. Beauty that strikes across every chord of emotion in the human heart and beggars the powers of utterance. There is no place in the world, no hallowed sanctuary, no cathedral town of romantic and artistic fame, no massive monumental ruin to the past be it ever so glorious that more thoroughly captivates a pilgrim than the Lake of Genesareth and its vicinity.

War and time and change of rule and fantasy of man have left the traces of their handiwork elsewhere; here the lake and the precipitous slopes bounding it and the occasional plains sweeping back in irregular undulations to the low-lying mountains looming up like a tidal-wave upon the horizon retain the contour and the characteristics which they had in the days when Christ consecrated this neighborhood with His presence. And the chief characteristic is peace. Peace upon the hillsides and along the rough road in the valleys for over them and on them, disregarding their thorns and cruel, sharp rocks, the Prince of Peace once passed; peace upon the serene face of the lake now reflecting the first streak of brilliant light cast by the moon just rising over the hills back of the upper Jordan, for it possesses a treasure no other body of water can claim, a memory of a night when upon its surface the Master paced His miraculous way.

Our first calm view of the landscape is enjoyed in the cool of the evening from a parapet in front of the hospice of the Lazarist Fathers and overhanging the lake. The fatigue of the hard journey from Damascus is forgotten. We gather at the concrete railing, our tired feet and legs already half asleep but eyes and mind very much alive; for the scene even without its sacred associations is glorious. Conver-

sation is carried on in low undertones; one fears to break the spell. Here the depths of simplicity are plumbed and the result is the indescribable sublime.

The beautiful stories of the gospels come back to us now but with a vividness that is thrilling. We leap the intervening mile and the centuries that have elapsed at a bound and there we see Him—standing upon the promontory to the left, facing the assembled multitude in the open valley below, telling them of the Kingdom of Heaven that shall be for the poor in spirit and the humble and the pure of heart; there He is again, not far away, facing another multitude now hungry, compassionating their distress and wishing to reward their devotion, asking for what food there is, receiving the loaves and fishes, blessing, breaking, distributing to each as much as He would, collecting again the fragments to emphasize the more the magnitude of His miracle in preparation for what He is about to promise them on the morrow; there beyond is the ravine into which He escapes when they come to take Him by force and make Him king; beneath, where the full-risen moon is flooding the water in silver, is the skiff bearing the Apostles, its occupants petrified with fear as they see the phantom walking toward them on the waves, but the Phantom is flesh and blood, the Master; there beyond is the place where they assemble the next morning to be met by the multitude once more, where the sublime incidents narrated in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of the Disciple whom Jesus loved, take place, and the Promise made that is to be realized only when the hours of His sojourn are drawing to a close; and by a fitting coincidence, not far to the left, in an arm of the lake, is the site where stood the synagogue to which the centurion came seeking the Miracle-man and exclaiming in the humility of his heart the words that have gone down the centuries on the lips of millions of other followers of the Master, "O Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof." These and more—how they come back to us now and with them memories of the hundreds of times we have whispered these same words to the same Master, tenderly held between our fingers, though perhaps—God forgive us—at times hurriedly, distractedly, inattentively, without realization and without appreciation. One last draught of the scene in all its glory and we drag our weary feet to our beds, but our hearts are singing and the refrain will not be stopped, "Lord, it is good to be here; but Lord, I am not worthy!"

The impression of vivid reality lasts even beyond the night and the next morning's walk along the shores of the lake in the direction of the ancient Magdala, home of St. Mary Magdalene, brings us even closer to a realization of the incidents that comprise the life of the Saviour. On the way we climb a lofty hill to examine the ruins of a fortress probably built in the time of Josephus, and evidently designed to control the road from Damascus to Jerusalem. The site was well chosen, for standing amidst the ruins, one can see how it overlooked the road to the north till it swerved around a distant hill and to the south till it was lost in the direction of Tiberias. Military strategy was highly developed even in those early days, every natural advantage in the terrain bears its quota of ruins as evidence; today they bear names usually beginning with the word "*Tel.*"

Below this and closer to the shore, we saw the ruins of a village dating possibly from the time of Christ. The outlines of the foundations of the adobe houses remain; the pitiful remnants of a mill for grinding grain, much battered and almost shapeless but still sufficiently intact to be identified; nothing more. The entire surface of the area outlined by the remnants of walls is now covered with sharp rocks and thorn-covered shrubbery. The thorns are called Thorns of Christ and a more cruel piercing thorn is rarely encountered. Sharp, tenacious and fearfully abundant. Near by passes the old road probably used in the days of Our Lord. It is rocky and rough and very difficult for walking even with modern shoes; what it must have been in the days of bare feet and sandals must be left to the imagination. One can hardly pass over its uneven surfaces, intermittently pausing to disentangle some of the ubiquitous thorns without meditating perforce on the suffering the Saviour had to endure in His three years of wandering up and down the extent of Palestine.

The atmosphere is clear and the palisades across the lake standing out like a grim wall against the sky. At irregular intervals the massive wall is broken by deep crevasses extending to the shore; each of which represents a *Wady* or valley with a river-bed. At the bases of these valleys, usually there are towns, snuggled against the hills as though for protection. On the side of the lake on which we are standing, the steep hills begin again a short distance from us and extend to the south as far as the limits of the water. One can readily understand now why there are so many references in the New Testament to the use of boats

by Our Lord and the Apostles. Travel by water offered them the only speed available in transportation from town to town along the shores. It is only with the coming of the automobile and the motor roads that speedy travel by land became very common. At that, it seems to have reached the other extreme; for the native Palestinian usually does not crave speed when on a journey.

At first it seemed a desecration but we remembered the Proverb that Cleanliness is next to Godliness; and selecting a fine stretch of beach extending from the promontory marking El Tabiga, we dove in and had the first really refreshing bath since leaving the ship. The waters of Lake Genesareth are not so cold as one would imagine, even in comparison with the heat of the air, so all members of the swimming party sought a place along the shore where a swift but not deep stream, rising from a spring in the rocky hill near by, entered into the lake. There at last, they found rest, and it was not till an imperative call to lunch reminded them of other important duties, that they were able to drag themselves from that haven of thrilling coolness and refreshment.

Leaving the hospice after lunch and a short but well appreciated rest during the worst part of the afternoon heat, the way led north over another hill, then down and over a long beautiful plain, dotted here and there with low, black, widespread tents of Bedouin families. Here there was much grass and with reason, for in this part of the Genesareth region there are at least six large springs lying at unequal distances from each other, some of them large enough to be perennial sources of little streams that offer some difficulty in crossing dry-shod. Flanking the plain on the northern side, a long hill rises abruptly, hesitates, then gradually rising higher and higher, offers an almost impassable barrier between the plain and the region about the ancient Capharnaum. This is the probable location of the Sermon on the Mount. A short distance back from the shore and not very far up the first slope, there is a small, natural platform about the size of a fairly large room. The land rising sharply behind this forms a perfect wall and an almost equally perfect sounding board. From here, the Master could have been heard easily by all below and every motion, whether of face or hand, could have been discerned clearly.

The scene is idyllic. Through the fringe of trees along the shore, the blue of the lake stretches away into the sun and blends with the mist that hovers over the distant shores toward the close of day; far

away to the right, the hills rise and fall as they recede from the lake to the broken horizon; still farther, the verdant plain, tinged a slight brown in places by the terrific heat of the summer, broken by a band of white marking the modern road that crosses it, rises gently far to the northeast till after one rolling wave, it seems to disappear into a sea of blue; below, the irregular tents of the Bedouins, with their low sides elevated to let in the evening breeze, when it comes, looks like products of a toy-maker's phantasy.

Our attention is recalled from the captivating beauty of the scene to the more practical reality, for someone, in peering curiously about the inner section of the earthen pulpit-platform, has uncovered a small expanse of mosaic pavement in tile that is clearly Byzantine. Evidently, this spot was commemorated for its sacred associations as early as at least the fifth century. A more careful survey reveals the fact that the back wall of the hill had been cut away to make room for a circular apse; an ideal spot indeed for the little chapel that must have existed here before the Moslem invader devastated the land.

Not very far away across the hills to the north, and crowning the highest hill of all that fronts the lake, a modern, stone building stands out in solitary dignity. A community of Italian sisters dwell here and conduct, or did conduct before the war, a hospice for pilgrims. The building is beautiful but at the same time it contains sad souvenirs of the strife that has passed; for the combatants of *both* sides despoiled it. What the one failed to take, the others took. Today, for instance, the sisters have to use ladders to reach the second story because the beautiful marble staircase that had been put into the building was stolen. The view from the balcony of the convent is well worth the climb; on every side to the south, the placid surface of the lake stretches away to the mist-covered cliffs of the plateau of what used to be Moab, the country of Ruth, on the left, and to the hills about Tiberias in the distance to the right. Sunset comes while we are gazing on the scene and the pink and maroon and mauve tints of the sky added to the golden haze over the water makes the panorama entrancing. A fitting setting indeed for the series of acts and scenes making up the greatest drama ever known or to be known in the world's history.

Night falls suddenly and, in the deep darkness, we found ourselves only half way home, walking gingerly along the main road which happened to lead through the center of the scattered Bedouin camp. And

it is no joke to find oneself unarmed in darkness so intense that even the road can barely be made out, with the howl of a wild animal in the hills or the snapping bark of a watchdog breaking the silence, and with one's destination more than a mile away. And it is a relief when the cover of a tent swings wide suddenly, and the gleam of a campfire is allowed to shoot its pale yellow rays across the plain and we hear the Bedouin salutation, *Saida*, for we know then that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, we are among friends. Later we learn that the Bedouins in this region are very friendly to the missionaries; and more, the friendliness is not prompted by desire of gain at the expense of tourists. For the Bedouins are wealthy and proud; the Lazarists purchased much of their territory from these people and now in turn employ some of them as laborers. A strict tribal code governs these nomads, for wanderers they have always been and wanderers they will remain; and when there is a dispute, not infrequently the Lazarist superior is judge and jury all combined, and whatever his decision, it is accepted by both sides. They have learned to know that the missionary is just.

In passing, it may be mentioned here, that across the Jordan in the country now called Transjordan, there are several tribes of Bedouins completely Catholic. And His Excellency, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, is authority for the statement that they are model Catholics. In no case did the writer of this article find the disagreeable things he had read about the Bedouins borne out by facts. However, it may easily be, that since there are many tribes among these dwellers in tents, some of them are not so high-principled as the rest. If there are such, we did not meet them.

Among the subsequent journeys in the vicinity of Genesareth, none was more interesting than that to Capharnaum. To begin with, automobiles were requisitioned. And Capharnaum almost within sight at the end of the lake! Shortly after beginning the ascent around the mount of the Beatitudes, one machine broke down. Three of the occupants of the car decided to walk on till the automobile would reach them again. At first, their stride was hearty and swift, in spite of the fact that the road was constantly on the upgrade. But the intense heat of the sun, and the glaring reflection from the sandy road burning their eyes in spite of the sun-glasses, gradually sapped their energy. After an hour, they came to a sign by the roadside marking sea-level. Then

they realized what they had known but forgotten, that Genesareth lies about two hundred and ten meters below sea-level. Four English miles were made up that road before the machine finally arrived and picked up the walkers now saturated with sweat. Once more on the way, conversation turned not on the enervating fatigue of the climb, but on the topic uppermost in the minds of any thinking pilgrim to the country of Our Lord, "What must it have meant to Our Lord!" It was not a matter of four miles to Him; but hours and days, and there was no conveyance to pick Him up and no hospice awaiting Him at the end. How precious those prayers of His must have been, when after a day of such travel and work, he ended by spending the night "alone in the mountain to pray." No wonder the simple folk of Galilee learned to love Him and to follow Him from place to place. No wonder, later on, the Scribes and Pharisees were to fear the multitude when they were planning how they would take Him.

After a long circuitous journey, Capharnaum, now Tell Houm, was reached. There the Franciscan Fathers have purchased all the ground connected with the site of the incident narrated in the Gospel of the meeting between Our Lord and the Centurion. Excavations have disclosed the ruins of a synagogue but not the synagogue of the time of Christ. It probably is another built on the very same site. Under the devoted care of the Fathers the work of excavating and reconstruction is being continued, slowly but surely, and gradually the columns and stone-work of the ancient edifice are being restored to their original places. There is much to be done, however, and the space in front of the synagogue is filled with fragmentary sections of stone from every portion of the building. A little to one side, there has been discovered a mysterious remain, a magnificent mosaic pavement surrounded by a triple octagon in stone. To add to the mystery, somewhat farther on, but still enclosing the octagon, the stone walls of what seems to have been an ancient basilica can be viewed. The work here, however, is barely begun; probably when excavations are complete, the significance of the specimens extant will be revealed.

On the return trip from Capharnaum, the machines were directed up a mountain to the west. After a more or less wild ride—rides of that type had now become ordinary—the machines were halted and all hands descended to get their first panoramic view of northern Palestine. Binoculars were called into play, and the view was then found to be

well worth all the trouble. Far to the left and so to the north, snow-capped Hermon could be clearly seen along the skyline. In the distance, the plateau of Syria and the elevated surface of the territory on the far side of the lake of Genesareth and the valleys leading down to the lake could be clearly made out. Against the background, Lake Merom to the north, the first stretch of the Jordan leading down and south past the site of old Bethsaida could be seen distinctly, the stream and the lake looking like streams of silver in their setting of deep green; then beautiful Genesareth reaching still further south and to our right. Here one could really appreciate the mountainous character of this part of the Holy Land.

With this view as a farewell souvenir, and none better could have been obtained, we left Genesareth and its charming country and turned the motors westward toward the hills and Nazareth. A fortunate accident to one of the machines halted the party on the top of one of the last of the hills which form the gigantic wall around Genesareth and we were treated to an early morning view of the lake and its surroundings from an entirely new point of vantage. This time, Tiberias, old and new, lay beneath us. Against the water's blue, the ruined turrets of the Roman ruins in the old city stood out with photographic exactness; farther inland. The narrow streets of the village that has replaced the historic city and the huddled, shabby roofs of the cheap, dirty houses looked like a cluster of fungi. Farther away and on the higher land just back of the town, the new, modern homes of some of the European Jews returning to Palestine under the Zionist movement mark the beginnings of at least an attempt to found a new and strictly modern city. Turning from this sight, the round top of Mount Tabor could be seen, protruding above the line of nearer mountains and hills forming the horizon.

A visit to Cana was on the program and served more to freshen the memories we had of our reading in the Scripture of the first miracle of Our Lord than to produce much of real scientific value. For it is still disputed whether or not this present town of Cana and still more this present basilica marks the spot of the miracle. Be that as it may, a visit to the primitive town is an event that will be remembered. Surrounded by hills and valleys on all sides, it seems like a ship tossed on the waves of the open sea. Its sole claim to attention is the fact that it commemorates, if indeed it does not contain the exact spot, the

first miracle worked by Our Lord at the commencement of His public life. More than that, it commemorates the first claim Our Lady had to her title of Perpetual Help as readers of THE LIGUORIAN will readily realize when they recall the details of that first incident at the marriage feast of Cana. In our books and in our prayers, too, perhaps, we are apt to look on Our Lord as a sort of abstract Being; at Cana, we are made to visualize Him as He was, supremely human, though withal divine.

Leaving Cana, and narrowly escaping a dangerous accident at the hands of our more or less frantic drivers, we whirled away, around mountains, along ravines, through passes, passing gorgeous scenery as we went, on the wildest ride of the entire trip so far. We were to have more of such, however, before the entire journey was over. Finally, after making a last rapid and more or less thrilling ascent, we rounded a point and found the little city of the Childhood of Jesus, nestling in the valley beneath us. Well toward the bottom and the center, and fronting almost directly the great valley opening up toward the plains of Esdrelon, the tower of the Church of the Annunciation could clearly be seen. The visit to Genesareth had prepared us to appreciate Nazareth and it was with speechless reverence we paused and gazed down at the beautiful sight of the peaceful little town, blessed for all time by the visit of an Archangel, the maiden years of the Blessed Virgin, and above all by the almost lifelong presence of the Master Himself, while He increased in age and grace and wisdom before God and men, the while He was subject to them.

Down the winding descent to the valley, back again by another road, a blast and a whirl and we are passing the covered Well of the Virgin Mary, located in the public square, the only well in the town, and so the one to which Our Lady must have come daily in order to draw water for the needs of the Holy Family; up the street a little farther and then stop. We are at the gate of the hospice of the good Franciscan Fathers. Hurried debarkation; more hurried depositing of baggage in the rooms assigned us; then at once to the place of places, the dear little grotto, beneath the protecting basilica, in which while a Jewish maiden knelt in prayer centuries ago, a messenger from heaven came and broke the silence with the pronouncement, "Hail full of grace, the Lord is with Thee," and so gave the beginning to the greatest event in history.

And Now They Whisper Saint

Chapter IX. TWINS

C. Ss. R.

.....So grew we together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted:
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.
—*Shakespeare.*

Way back in the quaint days when the droll theory about men having to work in the sweat of their brows was still devoutly credited, a broad and burly farmer strode thunderously down the aisle of the village church, collapsed into a front pew, and piously clasped his horny hands. It was spring by the calendar and by the weather, and plowing time for the men who encourage vegetarianism, so the prayer of the opportunist rose for a rich corn-crop. Then he confidently trudged home, lit a sweet-flavored pipe, sank into his favorite chair, deliberately hoisted his feet to another, picked up a tattered ancestor of The Country Gentleman, and puffingly read away—supremely confident that the mellow sunshine of autumn would fall on serried rows of golden corn.

Conspicuous at his funeral (poor man, starvation rudely terminated his days) was the delegation from the Olden Order of Optimists. Thus the epic of a hopeful son of the soil.

Too bad he didn't know they were twins. Regrettable he never happened across the family Bible of the ancient and honorable house of Virtue. For he would have met on the time-yellowed page marked "Births," an entry that would have helped him considerably. It reads, "Prayer & Work, Twins." Not that there's a strong resemblance of features between these two, you understand. Prayer is a sweet-faced choir boy with an other-world look; Work is a grimy little miner-lad, his face streaked with sweat. But for all that—they're twins.

Prayer alone is all good enough for the cloistered nun whose work is prayer; but you and I and the man next door must pray with rolled-up sleeves. Soldierly old Cromwell struck it pretty well when he growled to his troops: "Put your trust in God, boys—but keep your powder dry." Prayer's not an automobile; it's a staff. It doesn't pick you up and give you a ride; it helps you to walk. And that walking is Work.

Now Bishop Neumann (you see we're here at last though we did seem to come by way of Australia) prayed much. To this we fancy the reader is grunting a bored and impatient: "Of course he prayed much. But in a saint I expect an unusual spirit of prayer—just as I expect an extraordinary physique in an athlete, or a sonorous voice in an orator. Besides, since the hours of my day are packed 60 minutes deep with *work*, and since I really haven't time to do much praying myself, you'll pardon me if I skip the next few paragraphs till I light on something that touches me nearer."

Bravo! Spoken like a true son of the century! For this is the age of action, and business is sitting on top of the world. It is a vital, energetic day, and we who walk its streets insist on rushing through a busy, feverish, frenzied existence. Then (perhaps as a consummation devoutly to be wished) we are whizzed off to our graves in powerful motor-hearses. Meanwhile, in an age of fast, faster, fastest, poor old Prayer sits silent and neglected in the anteroom of Business. "Private. Keep Out."—the black letters on the frosted glass glare at none so scowlingly as at Prayer.

So to this workaday world that shrugs its shoulders at prayer, to the world whose only gospel and creed is work, we offer a Worker. Neumann the Worker it must admire, though it smile pityingly or frown perplexedly on Neumann, the man of prayer. And if we drop a pointed hint that Neumann made his very work and his every work a prayer, perhaps the reader will become curious. And being curious he may wish to learn. And learning he may imitate.

Neumann took a vow never to lose a moment of time. And he kept it. That's our opening gun, and we're going to keep it booming incessantly; and while it is thundering away in the reader's ears we intend to send regiment on regiment of facts rolling up against the fortress of his (possibly) skeptical mind. For, say what you will, the average reader doesn't think of the saint as a worker. Generally his picture runs to the reverse. Far-away eyes, pinched cheeks, rapt contemplation—not long for this world. Nine men out of ten given that picture to title would scrawl under it, "Saint." But the Labor Party would think twice before adopting it as a campaign poster.

In 1836 when Morse was ticking off his first messages on a primitive telegraph, Neumann was a hard-working priest with a parish of 200 miles. Some 16 years later, on March 28, 1852, Neumann's forty-

first birthday, they made him a bishop and, with a generosity unheard of outside the covers of *Arabian Nights*, gave him a birthday present of 35,000 miles—to take care of. These 35,000 miles (the miles are square and the numbers round) happened to extend from Pennsylvania into New Jersey, and from New Jersey into Delaware. They also happened to constitute the diocese of Philadelphia. The Diocese of Philadelphia happened to be the largest in the country. Measure its miles, count its people, number its priests: it confidently challenged comparison with any diocese from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire might have packed up and spent their summer vacation there; and if Aunt Maryland happened in from the sunny Southland no one would have been inconvenienced.

What under Neumann's crozier was one vast diocese has since been sawed up into five. An archbishop and four bishops now rule the territory Neumann ruled alone. Make all necessary allowances for increased population; insist that the census-taker of 1850 enjoyed a six-hour day; still, Philadelphia wasn't a hamlet, and Harrisburg was more than a settlement, and Scranton had broken into the map and so had Reading and Lancaster and Wilmington. So the 35,000 miles were not all "great open spaces" and "magnificent distances." And we have known people who timidly incline to the belief that ruling it and its 170,000 Catholics might have entailed hard work.

Bishop Neumann plunged into his episcopal duties with all the ardor of an Apostle stepping ashore on a new continent. On the morning of Palm Sunday, Neumann's first Sunday in Philadelphia, he said Mass, blessed the palms and preached at St. John's; administered Confirmation at St. Patrick's in the afternoon, and in the evening preached at St. Joseph's. To the wit who slyly inquires what he did then, we can only reply that it wasn't nothing. Perhaps he prayed in preparation for his crusade of the morrow. Two murderers, they had casually told him, were about to hang for their deed of blood. Cold and stony as the walls of their cells, the doomed looked to the gallows with stoical eye. Priests came and saw, but did not conquer. Neumann came, didn't waste much time seeing, spent some time pleading, a great deal more time praying—and conquered. It took hours, but in the end the prisoners fell sobbing at his feet. And what was time when souls were the stakes? When an apparently lifeless body is

snatched from the roaring sea, men will work over it frantically for a whole morning. They don't even think of giving up till death is a certainty. Neumann was working over immortal souls, and two distorted corpses would have dangled from the gallows before *he* gave up.

Mending fences is a prosaic enough job for anyone—but when it falls to the lot of so glamorous a figure as the Western ranchman, romantic from spurs to sombrero, it seems positively drab. But it is a necessary task, a sternly necessary one. So, periodically the sheepherder slings a saddle over his pinto and makes his rounds. Now a Bishop, as all the Catholic world knows, is a Shepherd of Souls, and like his sun-browned and rugged brother of the plains, he has his own regular fence-mending to do. The only thing is, he calls it by the imposing name of Canonical Visitation, because during it he visits each church in his diocese and inspects conditions. Suppose the people aren't cooperating with the pastor; or the pastor isn't doing all he should for the parish; or the parish isn't growing as fast as it might—well these are so many places where the bars have fallen and the fence needs mending.

You would think that doing just this were work enough for any man—especially if his territory stretched over 35,000 square miles. But somehow Neumann, D.D., the Bishop, couldn't forget he was also Neumann, C.S.S.R., the Redemptorist—the missionary. The result was that his Visitation was more than a Visitation: it became a mission. In the morning and in the evening you listened to him in the pulpit. If you had business to transact, you arranged for an appointment at the Rectory. Otherwise, if you sought the Bishop, you would do well to look in the Confessional. There he sat hour after hour, the welcoming father to troops of homecoming prodigals. If we can believe Richard Clarke (who, having written the lives of over a score of bishops, can hardly be accused of fanatical attachment to Neumann) no priest in the whole diocese of Philadelphia spent more time in the confessional than its zealous bishop. Even if Neumann never stepped into a confessional, his biographer might coolly face the world, point to the rolling panorama of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Jersey, and ask his readers if it were not work enough merely to direct the work in that broad field. But when the biographer discovers that the director not only directed the work but actually outworked the workers—well, recalling a gun we promised to keep booming during this mental siege,

we turn and smile: "You may fire when ready, Gridley." And Gridley's piece promptly roars: Neumann vowed never to lose a moment of time.

From a linguistic point of view, Neumann might have qualified as Chaplain to the League of Nations. He could have made his way from his See in Philadelphia to his home in Bohemia, speaking the language of every country through which he passed. And right here is the secret of his thronged confessional. America was then tossing ingredients into the melting pot with a generous disregard of the nice cook-book proportions she weighs out to-day. Pennsylvania especially seemed to attract the crowds that shuffled down the gangplanks. Little "New Germanys" or "New Hollands" or "New Frances" seemed to spring up almost overnight. You could have sworn that an eagle picked up a little piece of the Old World in its bill, sped over the waters, and dropped it quietly among the hills while America slept.

When the news filtered through these people of many lands that their bishop was a master linguist, they flocked to his box in crowds. The short squat peasant from the bleak plains of Poland, and the dark, vivacious Frenchman from the vineyards of sunny Champagne; the gondolier but lately come from his Grand Canal no less than the barge-man still homesick for his sweeping Rhine; the Greek who had made his first confession in the shadow of the Acropolis and the Spaniard who had made his in the grand Cathedral of Seville—all these might kneel at Neumann's feet and joyfully confess themselves in their native tongue.

Once a broad-shouldered, deep-chested Irishman stepped heavily into the box, dropped to his knees, and abruptly launched off into a stream of liquid Gaelic. The Bishop held up his hand; slowly, sadly shook his head. He was sorry—he could not understand. The poor fellow stumbled out with shoulders drooping and heart crushed. Other brawny sons of Erin and dark red-cheeked colleens came as expectant and left as disappointed. But none of them felt it as keenly as Neumann himself. If he only knew Gaelic—well, why shouldn't he know it? It would mean hard work, of course, but wasn't Neumann first, last and always a worker? So he met the difficulty as few men would have met it—by burying himself in the mysteries of the language of the Celt. And after that he did not have to shake his head to Irish penitents. When an Irishman burred off a tentative "Bless me

Father," in Gaelic that rippled along like a Shannon, Neumann merely nodded pleasantly—and the penitent knew that all was well. He had found a transplanted shamrock.

St. Paul, living a citizen of the world, died calling out to his followers to be "all things to all men." We think the fiery little Apostle would have liked to shake hands with Neumann. Here was a pupil to delight any master's heart! Imagine—born in present Czecho-Slovakia, living in America, the child of a German father and a Bohemian mother, Neumann was mistaken for a native Irish bishop! Wouldn't St. Paul be proud of him?

It's a little story. Those to whom it is new will find it a pretty tale, a plaid of humor and pathos. And those to whom it is an antique will not mind venerating the relic just once more. An old Irish lady with a trim black cap perched sprucely on her grey, motherly head, went to confession to Neumann in the Gaelic of her ould Kilkenny. She came out of the box as delighted as she was impressed with the confessor's fluency in her native tongue. A tear stole down her wrinkled face; her trembling arms went out from under her big, black shawl; she raised her eyes to heaven and murmured with ardent shakings of the head: "Thanks be to God, we now have an Irish bishop!"

But to Neumann's work. Work as tireless as the tides. And a worker zealous as St. Alphonsus. Self-sacrificing as Damien. Many-sided as St. Paul. Talk of zeal? Once Neumann walked twenty-five miles and back to confirm a single boy. (After all five blocks isn't so far to church, is it?) Talk of work? Listen to a priest who served under Neumann: "Bishop Neumann was a providential man for this diocese. He did more for it in eight years than another could have done in twenty." Hospitals, academies, industrial schools, orphan-asylums—all these rose up on every side under his inspiration and encouragement. And churches. Fifty of them in five short years. Churches where God would dwell, and Need could pray, and Sin might unslung its thorny pack. A church is the fireside of the soul. A silent, serving Christ, with its heart beating in the Tabernacle and its stony arms outstretched to embrace and encourage the man in the street en route to Heaven. Fifty churches makes a fine entry on the credit side for the day of the Great Auditing.

It is a rare moment when you find a philosopher concerning himself with so plebeian an article as a mousetrap. Yet Emerson stamped

from the herd enough to declare that, "If a man can make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a path to his door." A simple truth on dress parade: To-wit, a good article will advertise itself. The Retreats Neumann preached to his clergy (by the way he was now well on his way to doubling that body) were effective of so much good that other dioceses soon began to say "Please." And Neumann never said "No." In these retreats many a struggling priest plunged his smoldering torch into the fires of Neumann's flaming heart—and went back to his work with his courage high and his fervor hot and his arm re-nerved for the fight.

The priests of to-morrow are to-morrow's chief hope; so Neumann watched his Seminary anxiously as a woodsman watches the tiny flame sprung from his last match. Every day the Bishop was in Philadelphia he faithfully visited his Seminary. Lectured there on Pastoral Theology. Raised that institute to such a high plane that Pius IX accorded it the privilege of conferring the Doctorate.

No wonder they had to watch Neumann lest he play truant from his meals. No wonder *they* wondered when morning after morning his bed was found undisturbed. No wonder they gasped when it was discovered he slept but three or four hours a night, and that generally in a chair at his desk. No wonder—what's that? Our ticket is good for only another paragraph? Why, sir, we've reached only the huddled foot-hills of Neumann's labors. What of the mountain-tops, so high their stabbing peaks impale the passing cloud? Well, since conductors be so callous and railroads so relentless the excursion to the peaks of Neumann's career must wait another day.

We are painfully aware that this chapter, opening with a visionary farmer, ripening into an imaginary siege, and fading out with a fanciful railroad trip, looks very much like literary chop-suey—and is calculated to give the sensitive critic intellectual indigestion. If we could spare this last paragraph, we would make every sentence of it salâam an apology. But unfortunately we can't. We have a promise to keep. We must reveal how Neumann made every work a prayer. He couldn't be praying all the time, you know. His work laughed away the possibility of *that*. So he hit upon a plan, an old plan. Perhaps you've been through a factory where the piece-work system prevails. And perhaps you noticed the employee finish his article, hook on a tag

with his own special number, and send the article on. Attaching the tag took only a fraction of a second, yet it secured him the credit for the work. This world of ours is God's great sunlit factory and it has its own credit tag—a Good Intention. Suppose Neumann was about to write a letter or shine his shoes. To make that act meritorious for Heaven, he simply offers it to God as a prayer: "All for Thee, my Jesus." Each deed becomes a prayer, each day a litany, and a life of work a life of prayer!

That was Neumann's plan. It is not patented. And the profits are enormous.

(To Be Continued.)

A POPULAR FALLACY

"Quality not quantity" is a slogan of salesmen, and modern materialists have applied it to human beings to such an extent that people everywhere repeat the idea—even if in their hearts they do not admit it—that smaller families means better and happier families.

Professor McKerron, who holds the chair of obstetrics in Aberdeen University, recently declared:

"The more members in a family the better. They rub the corners off each other and lick each other into shape.

"The mother of one child is more to be commiserated than the mother of ten children. Her anxieties over her one ewe lamb are infinitely greater. Having only one child is bad for her and still worse for the child.

"After nearly forty years of practice," he declared, "I can confidently say that of the healthiest women I have met, many had large families."

And so real scientists explode popular myths.

In order to better remember the presence of God it is very useful to have about one's person, or in one's room, or on one's table some special reminder: a picture, a crucifix, a scapular, a rosary!

The Blessed Sacrament is the exponent of God. We can nowhere get a better, more clear or more extensive knowledge of God than we can gather from the Blessed Sacrament.—*Father Faber.*

En Route

M. H. PATHE, C.Ss.R.

We were in a "smoker" on a Wabash train flying from Chicago to St. Louis. By "we" I mean four passengers and myself. 'Twas the month of October. One man was bent on attending the World's Series. Another was hurrying to visit a dying relative. The other two were on business bound. The writer was due to open a Mission the following Sunday in St. Louis.

Our conversation was as flighty as the train. We settled the World's Series; then discoursed on the value of the corn; then, solemnly, as though we were members of Congress assembled, we weighed the Prohibition Law.

The presence of a "Roman collar" acts as a quasi-talisman—drawing out sentiments of religion that else would remain hidden in men's minds. So, in due time, somebody "noticed" that the "Catholic Church is having a little trouble in Mexico." I nodded that so it would appear. "What do you think is the cause of it all?" he asked.

"The unscrupulous hatred of its anti-Catholic rulers," I answered.

"I think," said another, who seemed peeved by what I said, "that you can more truly lay the blame at the doors of the Church."

"How so?"

"Your Church has neglected to educate the poor people of that country, and now refuses to let the Government lift them out of their ignorance."

"It must make Satan jealous," I said, "to see men here on earth usurping his rights and lying bolder and better than could his Satanic Majesty."

"Well, even though your Church does educate its followers, that education seems to be inadequate to the needs of the people of to-day."

He appeared to be sincere, speaking without passion. At this juncture, my companion, Father John, entered the smoker. He sat down.

"What's all this about?" he said, looking at me.

"Oh," said I, "this gentleman has just made a very serious stricture on Catholic education."

The charge was repeated.

"My dear sir," said Father John, "that statement doesn't mean any-

thing. It's just a shibboleth. It indicates merely to what party you belong. If you have any definite, concrete objections to Catholic education, let's have them."

"I don't believe in entering into religious discussions," came back the answer. "I'm American enough to recognize every man's right to worship God as he sees proper."

"A sane practice and a sound principle," returned Father John, "but you have just now belied the one and contradicted the other. If your charge against Catholic education is true you should labor, as a good citizen, to uproot that menace from the land."

"If Catholics were good citizens they would gladly avail themselves of an institution that is part of our American foundations," said the gentleman.

"Another catch-word! And the surprise is that men who boast of their education should allow themselves to be so easily deceived by such a 'will-o'-the-wisp'. American foundations! According to you all the Presidents of the United States for the first hundred years of our existence were not good citizens. They did not avail themselves of our 'American foundations.' Our National Constitution comes under your condemnation for that it bears no mention of that institution of which, you say, Catholics make no use. The builders of our country were real Americans. None of them went to the public schools.

"Good Citizens!" Father John, an ex-service man himself, leaned forward in his seat, "Good Citizens! When Wilson issued his call for volunteers, before the selective draft went into effect, it turned out that in answer to that call Catholics had in the Army thirty-five per cent of the soldiers; in the Navy, forty per cent; and in the Marines, fifty per cent; and, remember, we are scarcely seventeen per cent of the population of the United States. This, sir, not in spite of, but on account of their Catholic education."

The gentleman was loath to give in; and to be silent now were to acknowledge defeat. His friend beside him came to the rescue with:

"I was always told that the Catholic Church keeps its subjects in ignorance in order to keep them subjects."

"Yes," said Father John, "you were always told. You do not seem to realize what a pitiful acknowledgment of unreasonableness that statement contains. You were told this by men wedded to bigotry and divorced from truth. You were told this by ranting demagogues who

sought political preferment through the votes of the ignorant and the hateful. You were told this by the paid slaves of crookedness in the high places, that in the cause of justice real issues might be confounded. Were you ever told that the first school in the country was a Catholic school—that in eighteen of the states Catholics opened the first schools—that when, in 1839, the first state schools were opened the Catholics already had three universities, fifteen colleges, thirty academies, seven training-schools for teachers, and upwards of three hundred elementary schools in the country?"

"I never knew that."

"Let me be very candid with you, my dear sir," went on the Priest. "I would not offend you. Make believe that you are a judge. A case is being tried before you in court. The defendant is accused of a very serious crime. The state has finished its cross-examination and rested its case. Would you then arise and without hearing a word from the defendant's lawyer, condemn the defendant to life imprisonment?"

"Not at all."

"You are still the Judge. The Catholic Church is the defendant. You have heard the accusation; and you, and thousands like you, have risen and condemned. Would you not wait to hear the long list of Catholic school successes in the country's annual contests? Would you not look at the glorious record of our universities? Our academies? Our high schools? Would not your sentence be affected by the knowledge that should thus come to you that our Catholic education in secular matters is equivalent, at least, to that of the public schools in all grades?"

By this time Father John had a larger audience than when he began. One of the late-comers, grasping sufficient of the subject matter, and apparently to be merely flippant, said:

"The Catholic Church teaches too much religion in her schools."

One glance at Father John convinced me that the flippant salesman would soon swallow his words with wormwood.

"Young man," said the Priest, "you have quite unconsciously expressed the spirit of our age. It is a spirit of Godlessness; and this is the best justification of our Church's insistence on religious education. Religion is the bond of union between mankind and its God. It teaches man the Will of the Creator in his regard, and furnishes the creature with the motive and the power to do the bidding of that Will.

Thus, the Catholic religion, believing that it speaks for God, tells a man that his destiny is Heaven, and that he must work out that destiny by his obedience to God's law here upon earth. This obedience entails a fearful self-denial, a persistent struggle against passion, and a more positive performance of clearly defined duties.

"Do away with God, or try to do away with Him, and, by consequence you reject His Will. Passion becomes your law. Self becomes your God; and you're back in the hideous paganism of Nero. This is what you would do: tear down the Ten Commandments and set up the Golden Calf; take Justice from the marts of trade; take Obedience from the heart of the child; take Purity from out of the home; trample on virtue; set up the painted woman on your altar, and ask a Christian nation to come and adore. This is what you would do: steep the nation in spiritual illiteracy and swamp the souls of men in moral corruption.

"A godless child means a godless man. A godless man is an animal—brilliant perhaps, but only an animal."

One of the most attentive listeners was the man who previously had told us that he was going to St. Louis to attend the World's Series. He stood up when Father John had finished.

"Reverend," he said, "you're right. I was brought up in my home a good Episcopalian. I loved the religion of my Mother. I went away to a state university, and I learned to scoff at all religion. I have since hit it lucky in life. I have made good money. But I'd give it all up today—money, position, pleasure and everything if I could get back to the religion of my Mother."

The more good ends you deliberately propose to yourself the more meritorious is your act. The goodness of each distinct end voluntarily entertained and embraced stands to your credit.

Born of God, attach thyself to Him, as a plant to its root, that thou mayest not be withered!

The errors of other men resulting from poor human nature, ought to serve to recall us from our errors.

Liberty, says Cardinal Manning, means freedom from sin and falsehood.

Ramblings on the King's Highway

C. Ss. R.

Two o'clock in the morning. A good priest fast asleep after a hard day. The clanging summons which means an urgent sick call. A hurried rush to the tenement district. A climb up four flights of fear-some stairs. The usual four rooms. In the kitchen an old lady is seated with feet in a pail of scalding water with a teakettle near to replenish the heat. "Where is the sick person?" demands his Reverence. "I'm the sick person," replies the old lady calmly. "Are you in danger of death?" asks the priest. "You do not look very ill." The woman looks frightened and crosses herself. "What makes you speak of death, your rivrence?" The priest is becoming impatient. "Why was I called then?" he demands. "I came on a sick call to Mrs. —. Are you Mrs. —?" "Yes, Father, I'm Mrs. — and I called ye. I wants you to lay your holy hand on me head and bless me—maybe it will help me to sleep." The priest is thoroughly angry by this time; the old woman absolutely calm and unperturbed. "Have you sent for the Doctor?" he demands. "Faith and we have not," says the old lady reproachfully. "Sure a priest's blessin' is better than anny docther's medicine and it costs a grate deal less. Now bless me, Father dear, and hurry back to your bed for you nades your slape." What the priest felt like saying was left unsaid. Needless to say he used no long formula in the blessing nor were his farewells prolonged. Still as he hurried home he could not help chuckling to himself and knew not which to admire more—the Faith of that old lady—her thrift—or her blarney.

* * *

A colored man in the cell for violent cases in K hospital. The poor fellow is not violent but his case is hopeless. A huge dose of bichloride of mercury taken in a desperate attempt to end it all in a fit of discouragement. Porter on a Pullman and things were going badly. Attempted suicide and now he is under arrest. An officer watches outside. The chaplain enters fearlessly for there is nothing to fear. The Crucifix. Its story unfolded to this mind as dark regarding things religious, as that of his forbears in Africa. The tale of God's love and helpfulness and mercy. Tears in the bloodshot eyes. More

instruction. Baptism. The doctor's verdict, "He will die today." A black man's First Holy Communion. Extreme Unction. The agony of death. Last words whispered gripping steadfastly the priest's hand: "If I had known moah bout God—life would'n hev been half so hard. But I reckons anyways death could'n hev been any sweetah."

* * *

Twelve bullets in this fellow and he drove the regular chaplain from his bedside with curses. Only a quarter of an hour to live and a Miraculous Medal sewn to his vest pocket shows Catholic home ties at least. Even nurse affrighted stands at distance. A priest patiently enters and calmly sits down. A stream of frightful blasphemy from the lips of the bullet-riddled man. The priest patiently remains unmoved gazing steadily at the dying man. "Hey you blankety blank," screams the patient. "Get out, I don't want any Sacraments." Calmly, even listlessly the priest replied, "I'm not offering you any Sacraments—I know you've already refused them." A growl from the prisoner, "Then get to H— out of here." The priest smiles, "Nothing doing. Just keep quiet and I won't talk to you—but you can't drive me away. I'm going to stick right here till I see you pass out and it won't be long to wait at that." Another stream of profanity. Silence on the part of the priest. The wounded man gasps and rolls over so as to look at the priest. A pause. Then the dying thug asks curiously, "Hey, you—if you ain't saying prayers and ain't going to give me no Sacraments, what's the big idea of you sitting here watching me kick off?" "Oh, that's all right," replied the priest. "Don't worry about me. I just want to see for once in my life how a Catholic dies whom I know is surely going to hell as soon as he breathes his last." An awful pause. Then a sob from the dying man, "My God, Father, is it as bad as that? Am I surely going to hell forever?" "You sure are," replies the priest brutally. "Just as sure as there is a hell you are on the way." "Oh," pleads the criminal, "can nothing be done?" The priest smiles, "Of course a whole lot can be done, but you don't want anything you said." "For God's sake forget that and hurry and do what you can for me," pleads the prisoner. "My God, he wanted to see a man die that he knew was going straight to hell. Hurry, Father—for the love of God help me to save my soul." The priest did help him and let us hope he saved that soul. An old trick that, as we learn

from the life of St. Clement Hoffbauer, but the surroundings were modern and the soul no less precious.

* * *

Children of the tenements playing school on the doorstep. Most of the children are from St. M—— parochial school. All the children, at least the girls, join in the game. Catechism, the most familiar lesson of the pupils of the good Sisters, is part of the course of this sidewalk school. Some of the children are not Catholics, but that makes no difference—they learn the lesson anyway and at times even play the part of "Sister Mary." God works in wondrous ways. Irene M—— was one of those pupils—daughters of an apostate father who married for money and business advancement and gave up his Faith. Irene asks the oldest of the girls as First Holy Communion time approaches just how one becomes a Catholic. Irene is scarce eleven years old. Secretly, accompanied by Tessie T—— she comes to me. Instructed? She knows the Catechism from cover to cover and what it means as well. I advise consultation of the mother, who good naturedly consents to anything to make her only child happy. "But where did you learn so much about the Catholic Church, Irene?" asks her mother. "From playing school with the kids on the street," answers Irene. The father, at first furious, is stunned by the remark of the child stubbornly resisting his attempts to turn her from her purpose of becoming a Catholic. "Dad, Judas sold our Lord for thirty pieces of silver and you sold Him to marry mom—I ain't like that." Yes, Irene made her First Communion—so did her mother a year later and dad came back too. Sometimes one is led to believe those awful slums where the tenements rear their heads are not so terrible. At any rate God works in them too and the influence of our splendid Sisters in the classroom permeates some of them and purifies and sanctifies the air.

* * *

One of the great bridges that spans the New York rivers. Automobile traffic, the experts say, is heavier here than even at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. The traffic officer is a giant in stature and fearless as a lion. He has a department medal for bravery. Stopped a fleeing automobile laden with bandits by the simple expedient of shooting the gasoline tank full of holes. Not so simple what he did afterwards: followed the bandits into a dark areaway of a tenement—shot it out with them and arrested four of them single-handed. He hails me as I pass homeward from a Saturday morning sick call.

"Hey, Father! Tomorrow's Holy Name Sunday for us cops and there's not a chance in the world of my getting to confession—'Hey, you; where do you think you're going? Can't you hear the whistle? Go ahead—go ahead! This isn't the Big Parade'—If you're not in a hurry, Father, I was thinking maybe we might step into the reserve room downstairs and I could go to confession now! I examined my conscience while you were on the sick call. I saw you passing down the other side of the street."

Of course, I agreed. It was the morning rush hour and thousands of automobiles were speeding by—up and down the avenue and across the bridge. The officer straightened out a traffic jam and then called to a patrolman: "Hey, Mick! Come over here and direct traffic for a couple of minutes while I go inside and go to confession." Inside we went. The burly cop knelt at my feet and humbly, as a little child, made his simple confession.

A good man this; but not an unusual sample of a New York cop. The cops in this section have their own "Little Church Around the Corner," where they hear Mass and go to confession. It's a rare Mass that does not witness a group of policemen standing in the rear of the church, hearing Mass. Most of them are saying their beads and a uniformed man at the Altar rail at Communion time is a common sight. The priests of the Church know the sacrifices cops have to make to get to confession and it is a standing rule that police and firemen take precedence over all waiting penitents.

* * *

The West Side and its ferries. There are many expensive modes of visiting and viewing the sights of New York City, but for a few cents one can ride up the Hudson on a Cortland Street ferry to Forty-second Street then across the Weehawken ferry, cross town on a Third Avenue Crosstown car and with a transfer ride through lower downtown New York to the postoffice. So for less than a quarter one has seen Manhattan at its best and worst.

Speaking of the ferries, the Hudson presents a peculiar ecclesiastical problem. A priest on the Cortland Street ferry would find it hard to decide just where his jurisdiction begins and ends. Three dioceses converge in the Hudson: New York, Brooklyn and Newark.

Industry pays debts—despair increases them.

Catholic Anecdotes

A CATHOLIC CAVALIER

From the Congo comes news of the death, at the age of 86, of a man whose life reads like a romance. Captain Joubert was his name and many are his titles to fame.

Before he was 33 years old, Captain Joubert had distinguished himself in two glorious campaigns—in Italy as a pontifical zouave and in his native France during the Franco-Prussian war. Then Cardinal Lavigerie appeared upon the scene, appealing for men of good will to protect the unfortunate black populations settled along Lake Tanganyika against the raids of the Arab slave-traders. Captain Joubert was among the first to volunteer. It was toward the year 1883.

With a few white heroes like himself, who almost to a man fell upon the field of honor, and with some freed slaves, he undertook to pacify the region, to expel the Arabs from their strongholds, and to secure the safety of the White Fathers, advance guards of civilization in the wilds of the Belgian Congo.

Virtually separated from the civilized world, with hardly any other aid than his faith, his bravery, his fearlessness, he fought the powerful Arab trader Rumaliza, who commanded the whole country up to Zanzibar. Captain Joubert fought Katele, native chief and ally of Rumaliza; fought alone at first, then with the Belgian army officers Dhanis and Jacques; fought until the traders were swept out of the country and the black chiefs, who sold their own men into slavery, were beaten and compelled to abide by the laws of humanity. Still Joubert did not think that his task was finished. The slave trade was ended; but the blacks whom he had freed, were savages, heathens; they should be civilized, converted to Christianity.

The missionaries were there to do that; but why would he not share in the work? Why would he not assist the evangelizers whose lives he had aided in preserving, whose missions he had saved from destruction? His resolve was soon made. He stayed and founded one village, then others. The blacks whom he had rescued from the dealers in human flesh, the blacks who had served under him, gathered round him

and he became their teacher, their doctor, their judge, their father. He loved them as a father loves his own and was loved by them. To mark his attachment to them, he asked for naturalization papers of the Independent Congo State. They were granted him and he is the only white man to whom they were granted. Then he married a Congo chief's daughter who had become a Christian and taken the name of Agnes in baptism. She became the mother of a numerous progeny of children, of whom eight are still alive. The oldest daughter is a religious at Karema, in the English colony of Tanganyika, and one of the sons is a seminarian about to be ordained to the priesthood in Beaudouinville.

The day Captain Joubert's eyes rested for the first time upon his son wearing the clerical garb, those who had been for 35 years witnesses of his trials, his disappointments and his successes, of his fights against the elements, against the Arabs, against the wild beasts of the jungle, saw the grand old man weep, weep for the first time, weep for joy at the thought of the son that would soon ascend the steps of the altar.

THEY KNEW

Somewhere around the year 1843, Orestes A. Brownson, the great American thinker and convert, sat in a Washington club with Calhoun and Buchanan, discussing the claims of the Catholic Church. Daniel Webster chanced in and joined the conversation. Buchanan told Webster what they were talking about.

"We were talking about the Catholic Church," said he, "and I, for one, am pretty well convinced that it is necessary to become a Catholic to get to heaven."

"Have you just found that out?" asked Webster. "Why, I've known that for years."

Here were Webster and Buchanan, both able men, frankly admitting that the Catholic Church has a right to the allegiance of every conscience; yet, both of them stayed outside of her communion.

Brownson, who used to repeat the incident and whose son relates it in his life of his father, came into the Church before the year was out, being conditionally baptized in October, 1844, by the coadjutor Bishop of Boston.

Lord Brougham has pronounced Brownson the greatest genius in America.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE HARVEST IS RIPE

At the recent convention of the National Catholic Educational Association at Detroit, Bishop Gallagher reminded the delegates of a great problem facing Catholic educators. He said:

"Here in the diocese of Detroit there is a need of 1,000 nuns, while other countries are not only supplying their own needs in religious vocations, but also sending thousands to the foreign mission fields. It is up to us at this convention to solve this difficulty and see if this dearth of vocations is due to something lacking in our educational system."

Another great factor in the birth and development of vocations is the home. The spirit that prevails there—the atmosphere of piety, devotion to the Church and authority, home devotions to the Sacred Heart or to our Blessed Mother, the spirit of sacrifice, keeping out the spirit of worldliness which sets more store on pleasure and show than on real character values, the conversation ordinarily carried on—and so forth. All these are important for the development of the tender seed of a vocation to the priestly or religious life.

THE MOTHER OF LEARNING

On June 28th and 29th Belgium celebrated the 500th anniversary of the founding of Louvain University. One Hundred Years BEFORE Luther and Henry VIII and Calvin and the rest. From 188 great Universities and Institutes in both hemispheres came official delegates bearing the tribute of learning the world over.

Not that Louvain is the oldest of "living" Universities—but since the days of Cardinal Mercier, it has become one of the foremost schools of the world.

Five Hundred Years ago! Where, then, did Louvain come from? It reminds us of what the Church has done for learning. Look back through the pages of History.

"By the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the greater monastic and Cathedral schools were developing into our Universities. Many of the greatest institutions of higher learning have preserved through the intervening centuries not only their names, but, with little modification, their original Constitutions; and these have been the models for all later schools of higher education."

A mere glance at the list of Universities chartered during the three centuries preceding the Reformation will convince any honest thinker that to the Church rightly belongs the title: The Mother of Learning.

THE GOLDEN ROSTER

The early Universities received their charters from the Pope, and with them his protection and assistance. By the year 1400 there were already 46 Universities; by the year 1500 they had multiplied to 70, most of them founded directly or indirectly through the influence of Popes or Bishops.

Here is the list.

The thirteenth century saw the rise of the Universities, with the grant of charters to:

Salerno, Paris, Bologna, Orleans, Modena, Reggio, Villanova, Vicenza—all of 1204; Valencia, 1214; Arezzo, 1215; Padua, 1222; Naples, 1225; Toulouse, 1233; Vercelli, 1228; Salamanca, 1243; Piacenza, 1248; Oxford, 1249; Seville, 1254; Cambridge, 1257; Montpellier, 1289; Lerida, 1300; Lyons, 1300.

The 14th Century added the following: Rome, 1303; Avignon, 1303; Angers, 1305; Coimbra (Lisbon), 1309; Treviso, 1318; Florence, 1320; Dublin, 1320; Cahors, 1332; Grenoble, 1339; Pisa, 1343; Prague (Bohemian), 1347; Valladolid, 1346; Sienna, 1357; Huesca, 1354; Pavia, 1361; Cracow (Poland), 1364; Vienna, 1364; Orange, 1365; Erfurt, 1376; Heidelberg, 1385; Cologne, 1388; Ferrara, 1391; Palermo, 1394.

The 15th Century (1400-1500), inaugurated more great Universities: Ingolstadt, 1401; Wuerzburg, 1403; Turin, 1405; Leipsic, 1409; Aix, 1409; Valencia, 1410; St. Andrew's (Scotland), 1411; Rostock, 1419; Cremona, 1413; Louvain, 1426; Portiers, 1431; Caen, 1437; Bordeaux, 1441; Treves, 1450; Glasgow, 1450; Valence, 1452; Freiburg, 1455; Greifswalde, 1456; Basle, 1459; Nantes, 1463; Bourges,

1465; Ofen (Buda), 1465; Presburg, 1467; Saragossa, 1474; Mainz, 1476; Tubingen, 1477; Upsala (Sweden), 1477; Copenhagen, 1479; Avila, 1482; Aberdeen, 1494; Alcala, 1499.

To what extent these schools were patronized may be clear from the numbers who attended. Old records tell the story. Oxford had 30,000 students in 1340; Prague had 900 teachers and 36,000 students in 1408; Paris counted 20,000 in 1538; and so on.

FOUR GUIDING PRINCIPLES

In his Baccalaureate Address at the Catholic University, Very Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan suggested to the students four guiding principles of life.

"The supreme rule of conduct is," he said, "to strive to know the best that is to be known and to love the best that is to be loved. The highest that is knowable and lovable is God; next in importance come those creatures whom he has made in his own image and likeness. In the terms of the catechism, our primary end is to know, love and serve God. Fidelity to the tenets and practices of our Religion and unwearied perseverance in the endeavor to keep God's commandments are indispensable if we would utilize the good in our age and withstand the evil, and obtain what little measure of happiness is possible in an existence which an all-wise Providence designed to be a time of preparation, not a final end.

"The second rule that I would recommend is that of work, hard work, unremitting work. Without it, not even the most brilliant genius accomplishes anything worth while. Unfortunately distaste for work is not the least of the evils encouraged in the young by the false standards of the time. Probably not more than ten per cent of you graduates have expended as much as 90 per cent of your maximum energy upon your college tasks. All the more imperative is it that you should whole-heartedly accept the gospel of work from the outset of your careers.

"The third rule is that of simple living. Socrates thanked the gods because they had given him but few wants. Today, as in the days of the great Greek thinker, man's genuine wants are few. He needs food, clothing, shelter sufficient for health, decency and elementary comfort; he does not need costliness nor elaborateness, nor wasteful-

ness in the satisfaction of these wants. Many a man postpones or avoids marriage or sinfully evades family responsibilities because he cannot afford an expensive domestic establishment in an exclusive neighborhood. The man who has sufficient moral courage to disregard the false and artificial standards of the world as regards his dwelling and its location and who can find an equally rational and clear-sighted partner in marriage, will inevitably adopt reasonable standards in the matter of food, clothing, social intercourse and amusements; and this couple will lead vastly happier and more useful lives than those who become slaves to material wants and to conventions.

"Finally I mention the rule of 'noblesse oblige.' From society and from your parents you have received education and other advantages which are denied to the majority. If you do not sincerely endeavor to repay this debt, you will be little better than parasites. You will enroll yourselves in that ignoble and contemptible band who are willing to get something for nothing."

Four principles that may well be recalled for older as well as younger folks.

MORE ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG

Much wisdom, too, is contained in the words of Myles Connolly, who, writing in *America*, gives a young man the following advice:

"You must have the courage of independence. You must have the courage to prevent your environment and exploiters from bringing you down to their level. This requires more courage than one would suspect at first observation. The process is often a subtle one. It is wisest for a young man to shun such places and associations, but it is not always possible. Sometimes he may allow his ideals or enthusiasms to drive him into low company. This is altogether a bad business. It is like marrying a man to reform him. It rarely works. And sometimes he may have to rub elbows with sneaks in order to have his meal, his clean cotton, and his handkerchiefs. But such is the present state of the world, and only the courageous man can go through it with head erect, eyes laughing, and soul unsoiled.

"This, then, is my advice: Be generous, be humorous, be courageous, and do not put too much stock in moderation. Moderation is a good rule for certain indulgences, but as a general principle of life it

leads to futility. The world is overrun with moderates. Be an extremist on occasions. Try to be magnificent always. Learn to laugh by yourself and never be mean even in private. Grant favors and receive none. Never look for gratitude. Never, in your wildest dreams, look for intelligent appreciation. Take care lest as you grow older you grow more sensible. And remember—this I steal from a postcard I once bought at Coney Island—remember, 'There's one fellow worse than a quitter; he's the guy who's afraid to begin.'"

NOT DEAD YET

Education bills have been defeated; education bills have been tabled. But the pet idea is not dead yet.

The National Education Association in its recent convention in Seattle made known its intention of waging a new and vigorous campaign for a Federal Department of Education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet. It means new appropriations, heavier taxes, more power in the hands of the few, mostly faddists—and a chance to make politics rule in education.

At the very time when the National Education Association assembled, Dr. Henry Suzzallo, former president of the University of Washington, warned them in these terms:

"The same disposition to get results quickly is seen in the recent tendency toward the centralization of functions and powers in government. It threatens effective government and engulfs education. It usually occurs with the economy movement in government. Give the executive or some board complete power, says the financial reformer, and you do not have to convince or coerce a thousand local communities and a million citizens. A few public officers can be managed, especially if they are appointed or elected with this in mind. This may make for quick action, but it unmakes democracy.

"It is substituting for the rule of the people the rule of pseudo-kings manipulated by coercive minorities behind the thrones.

"One of the greatest problems in our contemporaneous life is to determine what properly belongs to a centralized government and what to local governments, what should be operated by autonomous boards or commissions, and what swept under the control of a general executive. Education in the course of recent years has been dragged too

far away from the local and separate government control where it has operated best.

"The dangers of centralized bureaucratic control are real for education, and so are those which come from dumping educational management into a general executive's hopper where non-partisan matters are influenced by other affairs subject to partisan solution."

Dr. Suzzallo may not have had the Smith-Towner-Sterling-Reed Bills in mind; but his words fit the case very well. And nevertheless the N. E. A. proceeds to make its resolution to campaign for that very centralization.

THE INTOLERANT SOUTH

Col. P. H. Callahan, K. S. G., of Louisville, Ky., thinks that the stigma of intolerance is unjustly put upon the South. After showing that intolerance indicates weakness, fear, a sense of incompetence—that inferiority complex the psychoanalysts point out, or some other state of mind conducive to defensive measures, he says:

"True, Georgia is the charter state of the Ku Klux Klan, but any number of Georgia Catholics have told the writer that they would not know of its existence except they read it in the newspapers; even priests whose duties carried them all about the State of Georgia during the years when the Klan was most active in Indiana and Ohio, have said to the writer that they were never made to feel the presence of the organization in Georgia. What is true of Georgia, where less than 2 per cent of the population is Catholic, can be made true of every State in the South.

"Of course, numerous instances of intolerance can be pointed to in the South if one is disposed to faultfinding. But this is equally true of other parts of the country. It is just another case of give-a-dog-a-bad-name.

"Nor is it always outsiders, but often Southerners themselves who help to perpetuate the old stigma of Southern intolerance. Down in Baltimore, a bright young 'Sun'man, Frank R. Kent, recently made a tour of the South and published in his paper a series of articles setting forth his 'findings' as to the political, economic, the social and the religious sentiments in the different States he traveled through. In the course of these lucubrations on Southern traits and tendencies, he sol-

emly doubts 'any Roman Catholic's ability to carry States like Georgia, where the Protestant-Catholic ratio is 120 to 1,' quite overlooking the fact that Georgia, like every other State in the South, has been represented in the United States Senate by a Catholic, and an Irish Catholic at that, Patrick Walsh. It also may be noted that South Carolina has been represented in the United States Senate by a Catholic, General Matthew G. Butler, a nephew of Commodore Perry. Charles W. Jones, United States Senator from Florida, 1875-1887, was also a Catholic, and another Catholic, Senator Mallory, followed him from Florida, while John Strode Barbour, a Catholic, was Senator from Virginia from 1889 to 1892, and his funeral eulogy was pronounced by Bishop Keane in the Senate chamber.

"In time, most of us will come to realize that the South, and particularly the new South, has set its face to the rising sun with a determination to live and let live fixed in the hearts of its people."

ANOTHER REPLY TO MR. MARSHALL

Governor Alfred Smith answered Mr. Marshall's impudent challenge. The reply was adequate.

But history gives a reply still more eloquent to any one with intelligence to read and a mind free from bias. The memorial services recently held for the "Nuns of the Battlefield" turn back a glorious page of history on which we read in bold type: Our Catholic Faith and devotion to our land, go hand in hand.

At these memorial services, held in Washington, D. C., Brig.-Gen. Lutz-Wahl, assistant Adjutant-General of the U. S. Army, delivered the address. He said:

"The beautiful memorial standing here is dedicated to those patriotic women, members of religious communities, who served as nurses in the army during the Civil War. It is appropriately inscribed as having been erected in honor of the 'Nuns of the Battlefield.'

"The heavy losses of the Civil War soon made it apparent that it was necessary to organize some agency to assist the army in the care of our sick and wounded soldiers. This need resulted in the organization of the Sanitary Commission, which was the forerunner of the American Red Cross of today. On the rolls of the Sanitary Commission and allied activities we find the names of such women as Clara

Barton, Mary A. Livermore and Dorothea Dix. To such names we might properly add those of the Mother Superiors of the various religious Sisterhoods whose members were assembled for duty in army hospitals.

"The names of these good Sisters might well be placed beside the name of that great pioneer in army nursing work—that of Florence Nightingale. She stands today renowned in History as the head of the nursing corps of the British Army in the Crimean War. Her services were mentioned here to bring out the interesting occurrence connected with the work of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul in France. Florence Nightingale visited the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity in Paris to learn their methods as a start for her work in the Crimea. She stated that her work might have been a failure but for the cooperation she received from the Sisters of Charity.

"The Annals of the Civil War make frequent mention of the high value that the medical department of the Army placed upon the services of the members of about twelve religious orders. Commanders in the field seemed to vie with one another in stating their appreciation of the labors of the Sisters. This was true not only in the North, but in the South as well.

"As an officer of the Army," concluded General Wahl, "I am happy to have this opportunity to express again the gratitude of the Army for their noble deeds of charity, self-sacrifice and service, and to have been able to join with you in paying our tribute to them."

The hard part of real poverty isn't in being poor, but in trying to make ends meet while living as the rich do.

Reverence for all goodness is the fragrant flower and ripe fruit of a noble life. He who has not learned to find pleasure in the good done by others and in their personal good is not only uneducated but uncivilized.

As there is no true devotion to Christ's sacred Humanity which is not mindful of His Divinity, so there is no adequate love of the Son, which disjoins Him from His Mother, and lays her aside as a mere instrument whom God chose as He might choose an inanimate thing, without regard to its sanctity or its moral fitness.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help IN SICKNESS AND DEATH

It has been my privilege to stand at the deathbed of many a person. Most of those I attended were people who had passed through a long siege of illness before the Angel of Death rapped at their doors.

During the flu epidemic of some years ago I naturally had my number of sick calls, but only two of these persons passed away.

The first of them was a railroad switchman—so was the second. Both of them were married to non-Catholics, though their bringing up was hardly responsible for that. The first call I had was to a man of whose existence in the parish I did not even know, though I had made a careful canvass of the parishioners only a short time before. He had lost his mother in infancy and was left to the care of a father and an aunt. Neither of them was a practical Catholic and so the child soon got into poor ways—morally speaking. And in the surroundings in which he was placed he had but little choice in the matter of choosing a partner for life. Naturally, with little of religion in his youth and none in his married life, he grew up professing to be a Catholic, but never practicing his religion. How, then, could he know much of the tender mercies of Mary? And he knew little enough. He scarcely understood what I was saying, and my instructions in the dread hour were, I am afraid, almost entirely lost. I had to be content with instilling a knowledge of the greater mysteries of our Holy Faith, for there was no time to be lost. He hardly knew Mary, the Mother of God. I gave him the benefit of all the charity of Holy Mother Church and buried him—just three days after the call came that he was a very sick man.

The other was, as said, also married to a non-Catholic. He was the product of a really religious family, but had "sowed his wild oats" and married the woman of his choice rather than face a bit of trouble with the civil authorities. Yet, the seeds of our Holy Faith had been planted deep. And when I told him of the danger he was in, he began

almost immediately to pray to Our Good Mother. I left him to get the Holy Oils and on my return found a changed man. Where before he had been full of fear of death, he now asked for all the Sacraments—and he received them with a tender and deep devotion that I have rarely seen in any man. He, too, died some days after. But how different these two deathbed scenes. The one with its consolations and even the strong hope of a conversion of the non-Catholic wife; and the other without any apparent satisfaction to the poor priest—and without a great deal to the dying person!

I have seen many go into the "life beyond." But rarely have I seen the difference of the early implanted love for Mary so well illustrated. The lesson we ought to learn from these two instances is simple and short: teach the young, and teach them early in life to love and revere Mary, the Mother of Perpetual Help. Thus taught they will have something on which to rely in their last hours as a source of consolation and strength: their earlier devotion to Heaven's Queen.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Some time ago I prayed to our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for the cure of our daughter. I promised publication if my favor should be granted, and within a few days she was cured.

"Thanks to our dear Mother of Perpetual Help, for I know if it were not for her we would have lost our little one, since the doctors acknowledged that they were at a loss as to what ailed her."—L. W. and B. W.

"Dear Fathers: Please pray to our Mother of Perpetual Help for a very special intention of a much distracted mother."—Milw.

There are no amendments to the Ten Commandments; they were perfect and complete when given.

Neither is there a vacation from these same Commandments, such as there is from school or work. Unfortunately, however, too many Catholics do take vacations from the obligation of Sunday Mass and other obligations during the "hot months."

To shine in society is but a poor ambition. Heaven is full of the common people.

Catholic Events

Pope Pius XI desires that his personal gratitude and appreciation and his blessing be conveyed to all American Catholics who assisted the Rev. Francis Hoeflinger, representative of Rt. Rev. George Schmid, Bishop of Chur, Switzerland, during his sojourn in the United States in the interest of the foreign mission Seminary of the diocese of Chur.

In an audience granted the Swiss priest upon his arrival in Rome from the United States, His Holiness listened with deep interest to Father Hoeflinger's account of the liberality of American Catholics and expressed a desire that a report be submitted to Cardinal Gasparri, the papal secretary of state.

* * *

Immediately upon hearing of the earthquake tragedy in Palestine, the Holy Father sent 50,000 lire to the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, Msgr. Barlassina, as his first contribution for relief purposes. At the same time His Holiness telegraphed to Msgr. Barlassina his deepest condolences and his blessing.

* * *

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was reported to have been badly damaged, was but little affected by the earth tremors that rocked the Holy Land on July 11.

The earthquake, however, was a real catastrophe for both Palestine and Trans-Jordania, leaving death, destruction and much suffering in its wake. As soon as it was possible, Msgr. Barlassina, Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, set out and personally visited the victims over an extensive area.

It is true, as has been reported, that more than 300 persons have been killed and that at least as many more have been seriously injured. Thousands have been rendered homeless by the destruction of houses. Material damage done by the quake is estimated now at more than a million and a quarter dollars.

* * *

Catholic Colleges of the United States had a total enrollment of 74,849 students in 1926, according to a survey made by the N. C. W. C. Bureau of Education.

This total enrollment represents an increase of 14,680 over the number of students in Catholic Colleges in 1924. Between 1922 and 1924 the total enrollment of Catholic Colleges increased by only 11,281.

Between the years 1924 and 1926, the number of Catholic Colleges in the country increased from 139 to 154. Fifteen new women's colleges were instituted in this time. The number of colleges for men remained the same.

The faculties of the Catholic colleges totaled 5,734 in 1926. Of

these 2,792 were religious men and women, and 2,942 were lay men and lay women.

In 1926 there were 39,412 men attending Catholic colleges in the country. This was an increase of 6,039 over the number in 1924. The number of women attending Catholic colleges in 1926 totaled 35,437. In 1924 there were 26,796 women in Catholic colleges.

* * *

Kevin O'Higgins, the assassinated vice-president of the Irish Free State, was buried in the habit of the Carmelite Tertiaries, clasping a crucifix in his stiffened fingers. Most Rev. Edward J. Byrne, Archbishop of Dublin, officiated and more than 300 priests attended the solemn requiem Mass celebrated in St. Andrew Church.

Vice-President O'Higgins was known as "the strong man" of the Free State. He made many enemies in 1922-1923, when, as Minister of Justice, he was responsible for 77 executions of the foes of the new government. He was killed while on his way to Mass. Four bullets passed through his neck, one through his chest, and another through his ear to the base of the brain. As fruitless attempts were made to stop the flow of blood, he gasped out: "I forgive them all."

* * *

While the Catholic Daughters of America were assembled in their national convention at Asheville, N. C., Senator Heflin was to give a speech on the radio, attacking the Catholic Church. But the Chamber of Commerce and others interested in the radio plant refused him permission, and instead the radio carried talks by officers of the Catholic Daughters of America.

Senator Heflin then talked to a few hundred Klansmen gathered at the courthouse. He made a vicious assault on the members of the Chamber of Commerce, charging them with having "sold out" to the Catholic Daughters of America for the week.

* * *

Official assassinations of priests and Catholic laymen, summary imprisonments and seizures of Catholic property are continuing in Mexico as they have been for months. This despite announcements sent to the United States for public effect, that cases of Catholics who were recently arrested are to be reviewed by the courts.

A count in the State of Coahuila, for instance, shows that 46 young men have been killed in that state without trial, charged with rebellion as Catholics. Many of them were of the best families.

In Mexico City itself, five nuns and seven laymen, including the President of the Catholic Young Men's Association, were arrested in the last few days. The nuns were charged with gathering secretly for religious services.

* * *

Finding that killings, imprisonments and other outrages have only fanned the fervor of Catholics, the police of Mexico are now seeking to enlist women in a campaign to break opposition to Calles' anti-Christian decrees. In this new move, they have been indignantly rebuffed by the women, who are among the most ardent opponents of the government assault upon religion.

Acting with full authority, Jose Mazcorro, head of the office of Public Safety, gathered together a group of women and conferred with them. He proposed that they use their influence to cause the League for the Defence of Religious Liberty to cease its opposition to the anti-religious decrees, and to bring about the renewal of public worship under the Calles decrees. Following the conference it was officially announced that "no agreement had been reached." However, it is known that the women spurned the proposal, with no thought of yielding.

* * *

According to the Japan Adviser, Archbishop Giardini, the Apostolic Delegate to Japan, was recently the guest of Premier Tanaka at a luncheon. It was reported in this connection that the Premier has spoken of his intention to introduce a bill at the next session of the Diet, for sending an embassy to the Vatican.

* * *

Judge Edwin Owen, a non-Catholic, superior judge in Kern County, California, in an address to the Bakersfield Booster's Club, attacked Judge Ben Lindsay's views on "companionate marriage." Notions that such an innovation would relieve juvenile crime conditions are a fallacy, he said.

The cure of juvenile delinquency is religion, said Judge Owen. Only one in every twenty-five cases brought before him in the juvenile department in Kern County courts concerns children who are reared by church-going families, he declared.

* * *

Bishop Miller of the Protestant diocese of Waterford, Ireland, paid a generous tribute to the Free State Government at a recent meeting of the Protestant Synod for his diocese. In referring to the educational position in his diocese, Bishop Miller said:

"The number of primary schools is becoming smaller, but every effort is being made to keep as many as possible. It is right to acknowledge the sympathy and generous treatment we receive from the Ministry of Education in this department of our work. We are hopeful that some important modifications may yet be made by the educational authorities, with regard to the teaching of the Irish language.

"Life and property are now as secure in the Free State as in any other country in the world. Justice is administered with the most complete impartiality. Crime is punished with a severity hitherto unknown."

* * *

Conditions in China are described in a letter by a Catholic missionary in the following terms:

"It is impossible for any missionary to work permanently; a secret, flying visit, traveling at night and to some extent in disguise, may be possible for sick calls and such urgent cases. However, at all times and in all places, we must be very quiet and secret in our work; our coming and going must be unobserved, because at present we have no rights, no protection. We are outlaws. We exist merely through the friendliness or good feeling of many people."

Some Good Books

With the Church. By Mother Loyola. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price, \$3.00.

Meditation is almost a lost art among our good Catholic people. Unfortunate that it should be so. If they only knew, if they only realized how much more calm, more satisfying and more effective their lives would be if they devoted a short time to daily meditation! I say, a short time, because I feel confident that if they practice for a while, they will soon give it appropriate time, as much as the performance of their daily duties will allow. In fact, meditation will make time—for it will shorten their work.

Mother Loyola presents us with a series of forty-two meditative readings for the season between the Ascension and Advent. Not quite enough for every day; but then, some may be divided—all may be repeated with immense profit. And meditative reading—with the gradual increase of meditation or reflection—will gradually develop into meditation.

We heartily recommend the book to the Catholic laity. The chapters are short enough for busy readers and yet full of matter for reflection so put as to lead naturally to prayer. And, after all, prayer is the main thing.

It is too bad the price is so high.
—A. T. Z.

Comfort for the Sick. By Clara M. Tiry. Published by Herder & Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.25.

The time of sickness—especially if protracted—is perhaps one of men's most difficult experiences. Naturally speaking, it seems a very useless time. And yet, it was precisely in illness that many a Saint was formed and many a life ennobled.

Clara M. Tiry has given us a book that will, if used, help to make the invalid's life not only happy and cheerful—but most useful. It is a most complete book for the sick. By way of appendix there are given a series of prayers for the day.

For a sick person no better gift can be had; and since illness may come to

anyone, a very good book to have in the house.—A. T. Z.

The Rainbow's Pot O' Gold. By Marie Merceret. B. Herder & Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.75.

Besides being a well-written, simple narrative circling around several families of the farm lands near the Missouri Ozarks, this book may serve as a basis for a practical investigation of the ways and means of story writing; for, although only one name appears beneath the title of this book it is really a collaboration of four authors. The authors have succeeded fairly well in maintaining unity and have worked out a readable story.—M. A. H.

The White Birch Mystery. By Michael Simko. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price, \$1.75.

A good, rousing boy story. Full of action; full of excitement. Boy Scout spirit raised and colored with the nobler ideals of Faith. Every boy will enjoy it. And because of Stella, Tod's sister, girls will want to read it too—perhaps before brother finishes with it.—A. T. Z.

The Indian Gold-Seeker. By H. S. Spalding, S.J. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.50.

Father Spalding has given us as good a boy story as I have ever read. Adventure, exciting yet plausible and natural—intent—information—a number of splendid characters—a villain—and a happy ending. We have all the ingredients of a "best-reader." Crooked Cave and Walter, called Mountain Lion, are splendid characters.—A. T. Z.

My Missal. With an introduction and Liturgical notes by Dom F. Cabrol, O.S.B. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price, 75c.

We have heard much of the movement for closer union with the Liturgy of the Church. We recognize the value of it. All we need now is to bring it to the faithful. This book is of convenient size and a price that strikes one as very cheap. Everybody will feel inclined to acquire "My Missal" as soon as he sees it.

Lucid Intervals

Father Tom Burke, the famous Irish Dominican, had a great fondness for riding on the top of an omnibus. Once, when doing so after a long service in Dublin, he produced his Breviary and was soon deeply absorbed in prayer. A non-Catholic sitting nearby took occasion to comment upon the act. "The Lord tells us," he said, "that when we pray we should not be as the hypocrites who love to pray in public so that they may be seen by men. When I pray I enter into my room, close the door, and pray in secret." Without looking up, Father Burke replied aloud: "Yes, and then you get on top of an omnibus and tell the world about it."

George—Do you play any instrument?
John (sadly)—Only second fiddle at home.

The school teacher sent one of her boys home with a note to his mother saying that he needed a bath. She received the following reply: "Miss Smith, when I sent Johnny to school, I sent him to be learnt and not to be smelt; he ain't no rose."

Henry was of American parentage and American ancestry, but because he had happened to be born in England, declared himself to be English. Pat had been trying to convince him that he was an American just the same. He tried and tried to prove to Henry his proper nationality. At last he said: "Faith and Begorra! If a cat had her kittens in the oven, would they be biscuits?"

"It's no use," said the girl, explaining her ruined bob to her friends; "I tried to tell the barber the way I wanted it, but he cut me short."

During his visit to a village school a minister put this question to a class of little girls: "If all the good people were white and all the bad people were black what color would you be?"

Some answered "White" and others "Black." But little Mabel replied: "I guess I would be streaky."

Louis Veuillot, the famous French writer, was a man of the people. His father was a poor traveling cooper, his mother a peasant girl, who brought as her marriage dowry only "the treasures of her youth and goodness." Veuillot loved to speak of his humble birth, in spite of which he rose to national prominence. One day an aristocratic colleague of his made a remark in which Veuillot detected a veiled insolence. He replied, "I have risen from a cooper's family, monsieur, it is true. From whence do you descend?"

A little girl was put in an upper berth for the first time. She kept crying till her mother told her not to be afraid because God would watch over her.

"Mother, you there?" she cried.

"Yes."

"Father, you there?"

"Yeah—"

A fellow passenger lost all patience at this point and bellowed forth: "We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. All here; now go to sleep."

There was a pause then, very softly:

"Mamma!"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"

Hubby: Look here, Marian, it was only last month I paid a dressmaker's bill for \$370, and here's another for \$300!

Wife: Well, dear, doesn't that show I am beginning to spend less?

Summer Boarder: But why are those trees bending over so far?

Farmer: You would bend over, too, miss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as those trees are.

Smarty: Hello, Bill, suppose a man marries his first wife's stepsister's aunt, what relation is he to her?

Bill: First wife—step-aunt—er—let me see. Oh, I don't know.

Smarty: Her husband, of course.

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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* * *

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